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consistency of her conduct had acquired her great applause. The warmth of her former friends, pleased with this kind of success, revived. Her imprisonment had restored her to the Dutchess de la Ferte's favour, and she proposed that Mademoiselle de Launay should marry Monsieur Dacier\*, but the Dutchess du Maine would not consent, and at the first mention of the overture, she declared that she would permit of no settlement which would deprive her of Mademoiselle de Launay, at the same time she commissioned one of her friends to look out amongst the Helvetic corps, commanded by the Duke du Maine, for one who would marry a woman without birth, youth, beauty, or fortune, a discovery which the thirteen cantons put together, could scarce afford. At length she found an officer who had a small house, with abundance of cows and sheep about it; a man of birth, and widower, with two daughters, who had met with but little preferment after a long service, and an irreproachable discharge of his duty. The Dutchess du Maine approved of this offer. The overture was well received by Monsieur de Stahl, who however asked some days to return a positive answer. He lived on the most affectionate terms with his daughters; and his first preliminary was their free consent to come under the care

of a step-mother; an appellation always odious. However after much reluctance they yielded to their father's inclinations; who in this offer saw before him a sure and easy fortune. He was only a lieutenant in the Swiss guards. The captain of his company was, for some time, in consequence of an apoplexy, rendered incapable of doing duty. Monsieur de Stahl's demand was to fill the captain's post, when it should fall vacant, and that in the meantime he should have the title of commandant of the company. The Dutchess du Maine consented to all these conditions. "The pension," says Mademoiselle de Launay, "which the Duke du Maine had granted me on my releasement, was secured to me, but the melancholy disposition I brought with me to my new mansion, contributed not a little to put me out of humour with the place. Monsieur de Stahl's daughters received me with coolness. He was vexed at my disagreeable reception, and I was vexed to find myself married; a confusion spread through the whole house, of which all the company seemed to partake." Her amiable qualities, however, soon gained her the affection of her husband's daughters, who continued to reside with her; and at her death she divided her property between them and her favourite convent of St. Lewis. She died at Gennevilliers on the 15th of June, 1750.

\* A celebrated classical scholar.

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#### DETACHED ANECDOTES.

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##### MARRIAGE CONTRACTS ENTERED INTO BEFORE MAGISTRATES.

**D**URING the time of Cromwell's administration, marriages were solemnized before the civil magistrate, and in this way sixty-six couple were joined together at Knaresbo-

rough, in Yorkshire, during the short space of four years. The bans were published on three separate days before the marriage, sometimes at the market-cross, and sometimes in the church. The following is a copy of one of the certificates:—

"March, 30th, 1651, Marmaduke Inman, and Prudence Lowcock, both of the parish of Knaresborough, were this day married together at Ripon, having first been published three several market days, in the market-place of Knaresborough, according to the act of parliament, and no exceptions made.—In the presence of Thomas Davies, and Anthony Simpson."—*History of Knaresborough*, by E. Hargrove, page 61.

#### GENEROUS-HEARTED IRISHMAN.

I was once strolling of a forenoon in a large field near Dublin, looking at the volunteers of the city, who were on that day, going through their military evolutions, but, taking at the time, the refreshments of sausage, neat's tongue, &c. and a drink of their cantins. A man came up to me in the field, with a long slice of bread and meat in one hand, and a pen-knife in the other; not seeing me to have any thing to eat myself, he invited me to partake with him, and was about to divide his morsel with me. I had previously eaten what I had brought out with me in my pocket, and answered, I thanked him, but (with all the stiffness of any formal Englishman), I had already dined. "Oh," replied the open-hearted Irishman, casting his eyes over the hundreds and thousands in the adjoining vale, and on the opposite hill, "I wish I had the means of making all these people dine also."—*Walker's Fragments*.

#### SINGULAR METHOD OF CATCHING OYSTERS IN MINORCA.

A man, commending himself first, perhaps, to the protection of Saint Antonio, or Nicholas, plunges from a boat to the depth of forty or fifty, or sometimes of nearly a hundred feet, with a hatchet slung to his right wrist; with this he severs the oysters from the rocks, and sticks them between his left arm

and his body, till he has thus collected a sufficient pile against his breast, or, till after many minutes, when the English waiting above begin to fear that he will rise no more, and when he begins to feel himself getting out of breath, he springs up at once, to the astonishment and relief of the spectators. His oysters are taken from his arm, he is helped into the boat, a dram is given him, and another takes his turn at the same painful and perilous exercise. *Walker's Fragments*.

#### FAMILY PRIDE.

Family pride has within the last half century been so completely vanquished by the pride of wealth, that it is now only in some places to be found in its genuine state. An anecdote, which displayed it in colours sufficiently ludicrous was lately related to me by a lady, who frequently visited the Island of Arran, on the western coast of Scotland, of which the Duke of Hamilton is chief proprietor, and most of the inhabitants are of his name. Among these an old couple, whose miserable hut bespoke the extreme of poverty and wretchedness, attracted the attention of my friend, and shared her bounty. On returning to the island, she found that the only daughter of these poor half-starved creatures had, during her absence, the good fortune to be very well married; and the first time she met the mother, she congratulated her on the circumstance. Janet, to her surprize, appeared extremely mortified. "Is your son-in-law not then so rich as has been reported?" asked the lady. "O yes, madam, he is very rich if that were all!" "Has he not then a good character?" "Oh, the best of characters! there is not a better young man in all Scotland—but for all that—" "He does not make a good husband, I suppose." "A good husband! why, madam, he

doats upon my daughter! She may do any thing she likes—but still it's a marriage I never can be pleased with; for, after all, he is come of nobody! Whoever heard of a Duke Mackalloss!"—*E. Hamilton's Letters to the Daughter of a Nobleman.*

PERSISTING IN ERROR USED AS A SUBTERFUGE TO COVER IGNORANCE.

About a century ago, when asparagus was first introduced into Ireland at tables, a bishop on meeting with it, by mistake used the white part of the stalk instead of

the green top. The mistake was always afterwards persisted in, and the bishop declared, he ate that part from choice, in preference to the part usually eaten. How often do we perceive in matters of more moment, that an error first adopted through ignorance, is continued through obstinacy, and a reluctance to acknowledge having been in mistake. On many occasions, we see a disposition similar to that evinced by the bishop in eating the white stalk of the asparagus. K

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## POETRY.

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1802.

GLENDALLOCH\*.

BY DR. DRENNAN.

**T**H' enchantment of the place has bound  
All nature in a sleep profound,

\* GLENDALLOCH, or Glyn of the Double Lake, is situated in Wicklow, a county which presents an abridgement of all that is pleasing in nature. This particular Glyn is surrounded on all sides, except to the east, by stupendous mountains, whose vast perpendicular height throws a gloom on the vale below, well suited to inspire religious dread and horror. It has, therefore, been from the most distant times, haunted with those spectres of illusive fancy, which delight to hover in the gloom of ignorance and superstition. It is said to have been an asylum of the Druids, who fled from Roman tyranny. It was afterwards the refuge of the Monks, who established there a different religious rule, in which mind and body were bound in the same bondage of five years silence, severe fasts, obedience unto death, and this Lake became their dead sea. Here, however, was the school of the West, an ark that preserved the remains of literature from the deluge of barbarism which overspread the rest of Europe. Here, the ancient Britons took refuge from the Saxons, and the native Irish from the incursions of the Danes. On the round

And silence of the evening hour,  
Hangs o'er Glendalloch's hallow'd tower;  
A mighty grave-stone set by time,  
That, midst these ruins, stands sublime,  
To point the else forgotten heap,  
Where princes, and where prelates sleep  
Where Tuathal rests th' unnoted head,  
And Keivin finds a softer bed,  
Sods of the verdant soil that springs  
Within the sepulchre of kings.

HERE, in the circling mountain's shade,  
In this vast vault by nature made,  
Whose tow'ring roof excludes the skies,  
With savage Kyles stupendous size,  
While Lugduff heaves his moory height  
And giant Broccagh bars the light:  
HERE, when the British spirit broke  
Had fled from Nero's iron yoke,  
And sought this dreary, dark abode,  
To save their altars, and their God—  
From cavern black with mystic gloom,  
(Cradle of science, and its tomb)  
Where magic had its early birth,  
Which drew the sun and moon to earth—

tower of Glendalloch, was often blown the horn of war. Amidst a silent and melancholy waste, it still raises its head above the surrounding fragments, as if moralizing on the ruins of our country, and the wreck of its legislative independence. We think of Marius, when he said to the licitor, "Go, and tell that you have seen Marius sitting on the ruins of Carthage!"